

The Rolling Taylor.

A NEW SONG.

Tune — *The Rolling Sailor.*

I'M the toast of half the city,
For my shapes I bear the BELLE;
Tom, the Taylor, says I'm pretty;
Tom himself looks pretty well.

Chorus at the end of each verse.
Oh! the handsome ROLLING TAYLOR,
None can roll it so like he;
Oh! my little Rolling Taylor,
Blithe and merry may he be.

Once a noisy, roving Sailor,
Ask'd if I his wife wou'd be;
No, says I, the little Taylor
Is the Lad that's made for me.

On Sunday first the Taylor saw me,
I was trick'd out neat and nice;
Up, then, steps my little Tommy,
And he kiss'd me in a trice.

Oh! his kiss was sweet as honey;
Little Tom is my delight;
Then the rogue he looks so funny,
In his wig, and stockings white.

Tommy thinks that I'm a heiress!
When we're marry'd, what a pair!
Yes, I'll be my Lady Mayoress,
When my Tom is made Lord Mayor.

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